The Jump Off

Liferuiner

I will not live!
On my, fucking knees
for your manufactured beliefs
Your crutch, being insecuritiesMy life
Wont end with my, soul to keep
I'll be, buried alone six feet deep
We will leave, the same we came
Alone to ourselves ordainedPray till the day you meet him but
Reality is this crutch will break
And You'll have yourself to blameFearing death, leaves you praying on
your fucking knees, This martyr that you pray for, to please.Come and get it.But the day you wake may be to late
Death brings no love, and no clean slate!

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